

Good Morning 613

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Among Your Pals, Who's Got the Ugliest Mug?

"THE Ugliest Face in the King took his seat, he signalled them to play 'God Save the King.' As soon as his back was turned, however, the impersonator appeared and ordered the orchestra to play the treasonable Jacobite song, 'Over the Water to Charlie.' The whole room was thrown into confusion. Heidegger heard the change of music with amazement, rushed into the musicians' gallery, stamped and raved at the orchestra, while the King and his party roared with laughter.

So long as Heidegger was in the gallery the musicians kept up the National Anthem, but no sooner had he gone, than the other Heidegger came forward, damned the leader of the band for a block-head, and demanded that he should continue with 'Over the Water.' The orchestra leader, convinced that Heidegger was either drunk or mad, lost his head and ordered his men to strike up the rebel Jacobite song again.

The confusion and excitement broke out again. Women fainted and officers of the Guards were only prevented from kicking Heidegger out into the street by the intervention of the Duke of Cumberland, who was in the secret of this extraordinary performance.

Heidegger, by this time raging with fury, was told that the King, whom he had so deeply offended, wished to see him. He approached the King and made an abject apology. No sooner had he done so than he heard his own voice behind him say, "Indeed, Sir, it was not my fault, but that devil's in my own likeness!"

He turned round and for the first time saw his impersonator. He was staggered, speechless. The Duke, seeing the joke had gone far enough, whispered the truth of the affair. But Heidegger swore he would not attend another masquerade until the mask was melted down. And this they did to appease him.

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Hallo to Sto. Jim Wood

WE met the "two idiots" when we called at 15 Eagling Road Bow E.3, Stoker Jim Wood. We thought it rather ungallant of you to refer to your sister Eileen and her friend Ada by that title, but they didn't seem to mind.

As you can see, your mother is keeping in good health, and so, she tells us, is your father, who is as busy as ever repairing

windows. Sister Kit is keeping well, and as for Kath and Tony, well, can you imagine them in anything but their usual high spirits?

Your mother heard recently from George, who is still keeping the Army going in Holland, and he is hoping that it won't be long before the two of you can meet again.



OXFORD



You could pick a course through Oxford and reach the end of the town with the impression that the city was a collection of old colleges and learned men. But Oxford, says D. N. K. BAGNALL who has revisited your Home Town, is "town" as well as "gown," and the two combine to make the University City what it is.

THE policeman on point duty at Carfax had a tin hat slung over his shoulder; there were khaki uniforms in the streets; and—something else... what was it? ... Oh! of course, ... there were a few of those pretty girls in colourful dresses walking down the High. But apart from small things, like this, the visitor to Oxford will see very little change in Oxford in wartime.

Of course, Oxford, like every other city, town, village or hamlet, is looking dowdier than in the days of peace. It was not the same free and easy air which caught you up when you came to it in peacetime. Thank the wartime restrictions for that.

Behind college walls young men in service uniform mingle with the usually carelessly-clothed figures of the other "Varsity Men"—and you see them cycling back to their

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Know any ugly mugs?

rooms or to their tutors', with books under their arms.

And behind the busy streets and in the sedate-looking houses, the people of Oxford are as vigorously at work for the war effort as in any other city.

But Oxford looks much the same.

It is called the "City of Spires." No doubt if you look down from Boars Hill you are aware of the multitude of spires—but to me it is the "city of cycles." Students cycling to a college, workers cycling to their jobs, girls cycling to the River in summer-time, boys cycling to school, errand boys cycling precariously amidst the motor traffic, even dons cycling absent-mindedly past the traffic lights.

You feel the Mayor and Corporation must cycle to church on Mayor's Sunday. No wonder Lord Nuffield, who started his career as a cyclist, came as near Oxford as possible when he decided to build motor cars.

Fortunately, Oxford has escaped the tragedy that has fallen on so many other places during the war on Britain. The destruction which robbed London of some of its irreplaceable treasures—the demolishing of the Guildhall, the devastation of the Temple and the smashing down of many other ancient and beautiful buildings—has not visited the city on the Isis. It remains calm, yet busy, this unique city with its ancient colleges, its towers and spires, its wonderful gardens, its magnificent avenues of trees and its silent backwaters.

You may still walk over Magdalen Bridge and enjoy the sight of Magdalen College, the most complete and beautiful of them all, and, passing Queen's and All Souls' turn at Carfax in the direction of the river to the great squad of Christchurch without glancing fearfully up to see whether this turret or spire, or that mellow old wall or gateway is still there, or whether it has been laid in ruins. You can enjoy the nobility of the Broad Walk, the cloisters and gardens of New College (over 500 years old), or the famed rock garden at St. John's with a quiet mind.

The Sheldonian, the Bodleian, the Radcliffe still stand as the centres of learning. And if you pass through the High—that street unrivalled in all Europe—you will once again see the Martyr's Memorial—I went along to make sure. Lately it has not been crowned with that bedroom utensil which occasionally found its way there overnight.

But Oxford is not merely a playground is less busy these days. The house-boats are looking shabby and lonely, and the galaxy of colour you could see from the towing path or from Folly Bridge during Eights Week or the Bumping Races no longer graces the stream. The rowing goes on, but sadly diminished, and the backwaters of the Isis and Cherwell

collection of old colleges and learned and would-be learned men. It is "town" as well as "gown." Sometimes the two get together. Sometimes they mix it a bit—and they combine to make the University City what it is.

Since Cowley came to Oxford, the city has developed a sturdy industrial air which has invigorated, not dispelled, its older atmosphere. Morris Motors has played a large part in war production, and though it is not actually part of Oxford, it is so near that its influence is felt.

The workers of Cowley have pulled their weight on the home front and are looking forward to taking a part in the building of the new world after the war.

In making the walk from Magdalen to Christchurch we have passed The Mitre. An unforgivable thing. Especially when one has come many miles to taste the attractions of Oxford.

A mug of beer at The Mitre is said (by Oxford men) to taste twice as good as the beer anywhere else on earth, unless it be at The Trout Inn at Godstow, a couple of miles or so up the river, or at the Golden Cross in Cornmarket, or at that place out on the London Road, or, maybe at the little pub at the back of the High where seafaring men may sometimes be found (with some of the salt of the sea at the back of their throats)—in fact, unless it be at your own particular Oxford pub, of which there are a good many, and many of them good.

The Oxford man can even taste his brew at a pub owned by the Oxford Co-op—a well-known coaching inn some fifteen miles out. It was bought up by the Co-op, a year or so ago, but I do not think there is, as yet, any Co-op beer.

In Oxford, in olden times, they had an official ale-taster. His job was to go to every brewer when the ale was being made to taste and comment on the brew. For this hard and bitter task he received ale to the value of one penny. But in those days one penny would buy about three gallons of beer. Happy days!

The river that is Oxford's playground is less busy these days. The house-boats are looking shabby and lonely, and the galaxy of colour you could see from the towing path or from Folly Bridge during Eights Week or the Bumping Races no longer graces the stream.

The rowing goes on, but sadly diminished, and the backwaters of the Isis and Cherwell

are less frequented. You would be able to steer a boat into that favourite spot under the bank, where the overhanging willows form a curtain, much more often now. And you would not be so often disturbed by passing punts or rowboats which so often thronged these waters before the war came.

Remember Christ Church Meadow stretching away from the Cherwell's bank, and how you used to take the boat under Magdalen Bridge to Parson's Pleasure, past the University Parks and on to Marston Ferry? It takes a lot of beating. On a hot summer's day, that gliding down the stream beneath the shade of the trees out into the open meadows.

I enjoyed my visit to Oxford. It was only for an hour or two that I was able to wander through the city and down to the river. But there was time enough to make sure the old place was not falling down.

I hope to be there again many times when peace returns to Europe—when the peace that seems always to belong to Oxford (though it was not so in the Civil Wars when it was the stronghold of the King) will be in every city and town of Britain.

And sometime I must hear the May Morning service from Magdalen Tower, though it means getting up before five in the morning. Maybe I'll be able to hear it on the radio, instead.

Alex Cracks

Cholly (to Irishman ringing fog-bell): "Aw, my man, why is this bell ringing?" Irishman: "Can't you see, you phool? It's because Oi'm pullin' the r-r-rope."

..... Bridget: "Enjoy slape, is it! How could I? The minit I lay down I'm aslape, an' the minit I'm awake I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoyin' it?"

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

A goddess on the mountain peaks but a floosey at sea-level. O. HENRY sings the saga of a small-time opera singer in . . .

A MATTER OF MEAN ELEVATION

ONE winter the Alcazar Opera Company of New Orleans made a speculative trip along the Mexican, Central American and South American coasts. The venture proved a most successful one. The music-loving, impressionable Spanish-Americans deluged the company with dollars and "vivas."

At Macuto, on the coast of Venezuela, the company scored its greatest success. Imagine Coney Island translated into Spanish and you will comprehend Macuto.

But the triumph of the Alcazar Opera Company is not the theme; it but leans upon and colours it. There happened in Macuto a tragic thing, an unsolvable mystery, that sobered for a time the gaiety of the happy season.

One evening, between the short twilight and the time when she should have whirled upon the stage in the red and black of the ardent Carmen, Mlle. Nina Giraud disappeared from the sight and ken of 6,000 pairs of eyes and as many minds in Macuto.

There was the usual turmoil and hurrying to seek her. Messengers flew to the little French-kept hotel where she stayed; others of the company hastened here or there where she might be lingering in some

tienda or unduly prolonging her bath upon the beach. All search was fruitless. Mademoiselle had vanished.

Half an hour passed and she did not appear. The dictator, unused to the caprices of prime donne, became impatient. He sent an aide from his box to say to the manager that if the curtain did not at once rise he would immediately hale the entire company to the calabosa, though it would desolate his heart, indeed, to be compelled to such an act. Birds in Macuto could be made to sing.

The manager abandoned hope for the time of Mlle. Giraud. A member of the chorus, who had dreamed hopelessly for years of the blessed opportunity, quickly Carmenised herself and the opera went on.

Afterward, when the lost cantatrice appeared not, the aid of the authorities was invoked. The President at once set the army, the police, and all citizens to the search. Not one clue to Mlle. Giraud's disappearance was found. The Alcazar left to fill engagements farther down the coast.

On the way back the steamer stopped at Macuto and the manager made anxious inquiry. Not a trace of the lady had been discovered. The Alcazar could do no more. The per-

sonal belongings of the missing lady were stored in the hotel against her possible later re-appearance and the opera company continued upon its homeward voyage to New Orleans.

On the camino real along the beach the two saddle mules and the four pack mules of Don Señor Johnny Armstrong stood, patiently awaiting the crack of the whip of the arriero, Luis. That would be the signal for the start on another long journey into the mountains. The pack mules were loaded with a varied assortment of hardware and cutlery. These articles Don Johnny traded to the interior Indians for the gold dust that they washed from the Andean streams and stored in quills and bags against his coming.

It was a profitable business, and Señor Armstrong expected soon to be able to purchase the coffee plantation that he coveted.

Armstrong stood on the narrow sidewalk, exchanging garbled Spanish with old Peralto, the rich native merchant, who had just charged him four prices for half a gross of potential hatchets, and abridged English with Rucker, the little German who was Consul for the United States.

"Take with you, señor," said Peralto, "the blessings of the saints upon your journey."

"Better try quinine," growled Rucker through his pipe. "Take two grains every night. And don't make your trip too long, Johnny, because we haf needs of you. It is ein villainous game dot Melville play of whist, and dere is no oder substitute. Auf wiedersehen, and keep your eyes dot mule's ears between when you on der edge of der precipices ride."

The bells of Luis's mule jingled and the pack train filed after the warning note. Armstrong waved a good-bye and took his place at the tail of the procession.

Up the narrow street they turned, and passed the two-storey wooden Hotel Inglis, where Ives and Dawson and Richards and the rest of the chaps were dawdling on the broad piazza, reading week-old newspapers. They crowded to the railing and shouted many friendly and wise and foolish farewells after him.

Across the plaza they trotted slowly past the bronze statue of Guzman Blanco, within its fence of bayonetted rifles captured from revolutionaries, and out of the town between the rows of thatched huts swarming with the unclothed youth of

Macuto. They plunged into the damp coolness of banana groves at length to emerge upon a bright stream, where brown women in scant raiment laundered clothes destructively upon the rocks.

Then the pack train, fording

ing the stream, attacked the sudden ascent and bade adieu to such civilisation as the coast afforded.

For weeks Armstrong, guided by Luis, followed his regular route among the mountains. After he had collected an arroba of the precious metal, winning a profit of nearly 5,000 dollars, the heads of the lightened mules were turned down-trail again. Where the head of the Guarico River springs from a great gash in the mountain-side, Luis halted the train.

"Half a day's journey from here, señor," said he, "is the village of Tacuzama, which we have never visited. I think many ounces of gold may be procured there. It is worth the trial."

Armstrong concurred, and they turned again upward toward Tacuzama. The trail was abrupt and precipitous, mounting through a dense forest. As night fell, dark and gloomy, Luis once more halted. Before them was a black chasm, bisecting the path as far as they could see.

Luis dismounted. "There should be a bridge," he called, and ran along the cleft a distance. "It is here," he cried, and, remounting, led the way. In a few moments Armstrong heard a sound as though a thunderous drum were beating

somewhere in the dark. It was the falling of the mules' hoofs upon the bridge made of strong hides lashed to poles and stretched across the chasm.

Half a mile further was Tacuzama. The village was a congregation of rock and mud huts set in the profundity of an obscure wood. As they rode in, a sound inconsistent with

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A prill is a fish, brooch, dance, gusset, piece of rich ore?
2. What is the difference between (a) definite, (b) definitive?
3. Who first used summer time, and when?
4. What famous British artist was sometimes called Admiral Booth? Why?
5. What country is ruled by priests?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Balliol, Oriol, Magdalen, Gorton, Clare, Caius.

Answers to Quiz in No. 612

1. Sea-shell.
2. (a) Pertaining to an office, (b) pertaining to a shop.
3. Peal of bells; listen to 'em.
4. Adam Smith.
5. The French name is 'limande' (nothing to do with lemons).
6. Woken is not a real word; others are.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



BOOKS that help us to forget the war are in demand, and I have recently received a book designed, I judge, to help us to forget the war books. It is Hubert Phillips's "Heptameron" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.).

Mr. Phillips, who goes through life with a bulbous smile that is his own trade-mark and copyright, is one of those majestic entities of the modern world, a newspaper columnist—"Dogberry" of the "News-Chronicle." He is other things, too; a poet, a detective story writer for more intelligent clue-hunters, a contract bridge authority, and one of Fleet Street's private philosophers.



HE has brought some of this versatility to bear on the compilation of this "programme for seven days' entertainment," including 100 "comparatively simple" puzzles, the first of which defeated me utterly, 30 more difficult ones (has he by chance got them mixed?), assorted crosswords, and a number of bridge hands, mostly, I gather, for the connoisseurs.

There are quizzes, word games, detective stories, and an assemblage of examples of the author's wit in verse and prose. It provides relaxation for anyone who does not take himself too seriously, and it might even be a cure for that saddest of states.



WALTER NAYLOR, Plymouth's Superintendent Registrar, is used to finding himself addressed in strange ways on the envelopes of his morning mail.

One recent letter was consigned to "Controller of Births," and another to "Supt. Engineer of Births."

Another whose title leads to some confusion is Mr. F. M. Ryall, well known in Plymouth and Cornwall as actuary of the Union Savings Bank. He has on some occasions been addressed as the "Actually," and in one case "the Obituary."

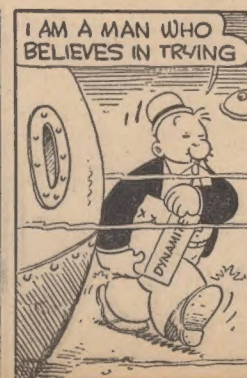
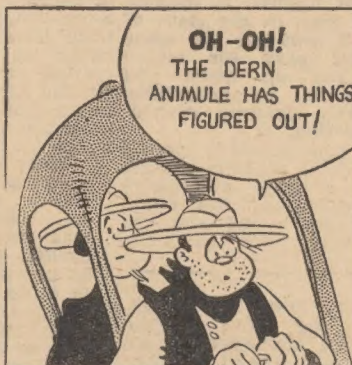
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—552

1. Behead carnage and get an expression of joy.
2. In the following business adage both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Si het girth swayal mescruto.
3. What kind of china has GW for the exact middle of its name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Look for my —; — under the bed first.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 551

1. C-hair.
2. Small profits, quick returns.
3. DeLia.
4. Melons, lemons.

JANE



A Matter of Mean Elevation

(Continued from Page 2)
that brooding solitude met their ears.

From a long, low mud hut that they were nearing rose the glorious voice of a woman in song. The words were English, the air familiar to Armstrong's memory, but not to his musical knowledge.

He slipped from his mule and stole to a narrow window in one end of the house. Peering cautiously inside, he saw, within three feet of him, a woman of marvellous, imposing beauty, clothed in a splendid loose robe of leopard skins. The hut was packed close to the small space in which she stood with the squatting figures of Indians.

The woman finished her song and seated herself close to the little window, as if grateful for the unpolluted air that entered it. When she had ceased, several of the audience rose and cast little softly-falling bags at her feet. A harsh murmur—no doubt a barbarous kind of applause and comment—went through the grim assembly.

Armstrong was used to

seizing opportunities promptly. Taking advantage of the noise, he called to the woman in a low but distinct voice: "Do not turn your head this way, but listen. I am an American. If you need assistance tell me how I can render it. Answer as briefly as you can."

The woman was worthy of his boldness. Only by a sudden flush of her pale cheek did she acknowledge understanding of his words. Then she spoke, scarcely moving her lips.

"I am held a prisoner by these Indians. God knows I need help. In two hours come to the little hut twenty yards toward the mountain—side. There will be a light and a red curtain in the window. There is always a guard at the door, whom you will have to overcome. For the love of heaven, do not fail to come."

The story seems to shrink from adventure and rescue and mystery. The theme is one too gentle for those brave and quickening tones. And yet it reaches as far back as time it-

self. It has been named "environment," which is as weak a word as any to express the unnamable kinship of man to nature, that queer fraternity that causes stones and trees and salt water and clouds to play upon our emotions.

Why are we made serious and solemn and sublime by mountain heights, grave and contemplative by an abundance of overhanging trees, reduced to inconstancy and monkey capers by the ripples on a sandy beach?

Did the protoplasm—but enough. The chemists are looking into the matter, and before long they will have all life in the table of the symbols.

Briefly, then, in order to confine the story within scientific bounds, John Armstrong went to the hut, choked the Indian guard, and carried away Mlle. Giraud. With her was also conveyed a number of pounds of gold dust she had collected during her six months' forced engagement in Tacuzama.

The Carabobo Indians are easily the most enthusiastic

lovers of music between the Equator and the French Opera House in New Orleans.

They are also strong believers that the advice of Emerson was good when he said, "The thing thou wantest, O discontented man—take it, and pay the price."

A number of them had attended the performance of the Alcazar Opera Company in Macuto, and found Mlle. Giraud's style and technique satisfactory. They wanted her, so they took her one evening suddenly and without any fuss. They treated her with much consideration, exacting only one song recital each day. She was quite pleased at being rescued by Mr. Armstrong. So much for mystery and adventure. Now to resume the theory of the protoplasm.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

ALEX CRACKS

Jones: "Take my advice, old boy, and lay off the drink. Look at me, I haven't had a moment's happiness for ten years because of it."

Smith: "Well, why don't you cut it out yourself?"

Jones: "I have. Ever since I sobered up and found I was married."

"He threw a party last night."

"Everybody have a good time?"

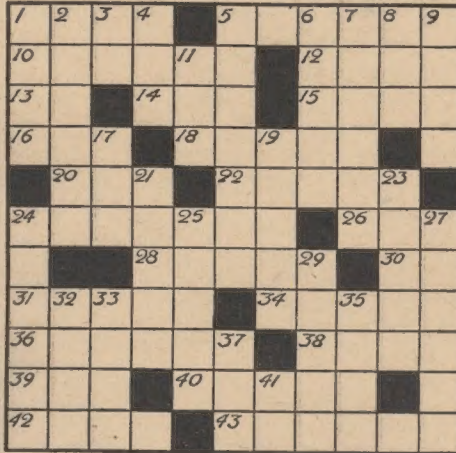
"Everybody except the guy he threw."

Murphy (describing raid): "And one incendiary bomb set fire to a neighbour's fifty-year-old oil lamp."

Kelly: "Then there is hope for that lighter of mine, yet."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



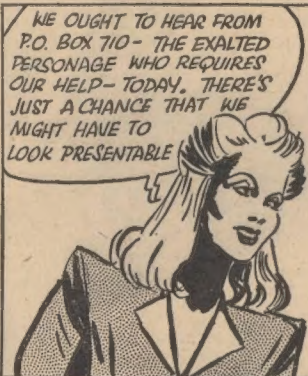
- 1 Acid.
- 5 Blazed.
- 10 Resist.
- 12 Long live!
- 13 Close to.
- 14 Failure.
- 15 Lying down.
- 16 Equipment.
- 18 Means.
- 20 Not burning.
- 22 Banter.
- 24 Sharp-cornered.
- 26 Give title.
- 28 Tillage.
- 30 Coup de grace.
- 31 Willful burning.
- 34 County.
- 36 Bellowed.
- 38 Temple.
- 39 Speck.
- 40 Tasting of kernels.
- 42 Oblique.
- 43 Tatler.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Steep.
- 2 Choice.
- 3 Aloft.
- 4 Perch.
- 5 United but independent.
- 6 Benefit.
- 7 Scourful.
- 8 Day before.
- 9 Lower part of wall.
- 11 Total.
- 17 Pull.
- 19 Popular game.
- 21 Instructor.
- 23 Canadian territory.
- 24 Adjudges.
- 25 Sheets, etc.
- 27 Nursery rhyme girl.
- 29 Handies.
- 32 Chess piece.
- 33 O'oy.
- 35 Deposits.
- 37 Poked.
- 41 Towards.

N CUBIC SAC
EBONY RALPH
WORD DEVOTE
TONIC DOG W
T DOMINATE
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HEIRLOOM M
A RING REGAL
FLINGS DATA
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SAG STOLE D

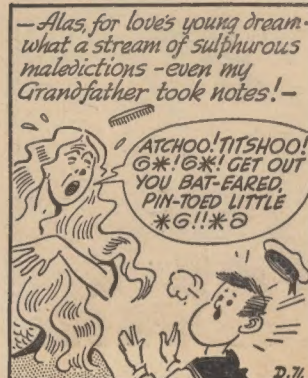
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TRUE OR FALSE?

BEAUTY SLEEP

THERE is an old saying that an hour's sleep before midnight is worth any two hours after midnight. It is this saying which leads to someone remarking humorously when going to bed early, "I must get my beauty sleep."

Is there any truth in the saying?

Hundreds of thousands of experiments have been made with sleepers during the last twenty years.

Scientists have made exact tests of the benefits conferred by sleep at all hours and all sorts of conditions. And the fact clearly emerges that there is no "magic" attaching to the so-called "beauty sleep" before midnight. Eight hours' sleep gives the same benefits, other things being equal, whether they are taken between 9 p.m. and 5 a.m. or midnight and 8 a.m.

Nor, according to the experts, is there any special merit in early rising. Very few of the world healthy, wealthy and wise men have, in fact, been "early to bed and early to rise."

The foundation for the belief in "beauty sleep" may well have been that most of us get up at the same time in the morning, regardless of the time we go to bed, and that therefore the person who goes to bed very late is likely to "make do" with less sleep.

Measurements of efficiency have shown unmistakably that the loss of one or two hours' sleep impairs mental and physical efficiency. Loss of sleep on one night can be "made up" on the next, but loss of even one hour's sleep on two or three successive nights cannot be "made up" for several days.

Another factor contributing to the belief in beauty sleep may be that conditions for really good, deep sleep—absence of noise and light—are generally better in the two hours before midnight than from 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. (assuming you sleep eight hours).

The first two hours of sleep are the most important. Blood pressure is at its lowest in the second hour.

After the second hour the intensity of sleep diminishes until after the third hour, when it keeps level until waking. But if good conditions can be obtained for these important hours, it does not matter whether they occur at 10 p.m.—midnight or 10 a.m.—mid-day.

J. M. Michaelson

LIFE STORY OF A CROONER

Her name is Beryl Davis. Her father, Harry Davis, who plays the guitar in Oscar Rabin's band, says she was a stage singer at three, having been "cradled" in the theatre. She was trained by Mrs. Percy Pitt, the star-maker, and made her first broadcast at the age of eleven—she might be said to have been born with a silver

microphone in the mouth! At fourteen she was giving impressions of Connie Boswell and touring the Continent. She was the girl in the famous "Forces" programme, "Twelve Men and a Girl"—and if you're technically-minded you may be interested to know she is officially classified as a mezzo-contralto. If you're like us, you'll be interested to notice that she's a stunner!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

~ "Remind me to have my voice officially classified."

